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THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1910.

The Menace of the Navy Yards.

The Secretary of the Navy, in a recent hearing before the House Naval Committee, touched on a delicate point, which might easily lead to the closing of some of the navy yards or a reduction of the appropriations for the maintenance of those plants, provided the navy yards were not so strongly intrenched as institutions for the benefit of those representing districts in States in which the yards are located. Mr. Meyer imparted to the committee his theory that it would be advantageous to award contracts for the extensive repairs and alterations which are periodically necessary on vessels of war. Once in four or five years a battle ship, for instance, must be thoroughly overhauled and receive new equipment, such as boilers, armament, military masts, new internal arrangement, and what not. The expense in some of these instances amounts to $700,000 per ship and more. This work has hitherto been done at the navy yards, each ship having its own station for this purpose. Of course, this work is a big thing for the navy yards, as it furnishes additional labor for the civil force. It will be a distinct loss to a community which depends on navy yard employment to lose the jobs to contractors. At the same time, Secretary Meyer believes it would be in the interest of public economy if there were competitive bidding on specifications covering the repairs.

This proposition led some of the members of the Naval Committee to remark that this appeared to be an authoritative admission of the extravagance of navy yard administration, and that if the navy yards were not to be used for the construction of ships of war, and were not to be available for installing repairs, it might be as well to depend entirely on the private ship yards and do all the work on naval ships from beginning to end under contract, and so cut down the appropriations for and reduce the number of government plants of this character. There has been periodically some talk along these lines, but whenever any attempt has been made to close a navy yard, and notice of that event has been given at the Navy Department, the clamor and activity have been sufficient to defeat the purpose. The present administration had an experience in that direction. Almost the last official act of Mr. Newberry in the Navy Department was to close two navy yards on the Gulf coast, and among the first of the official acts of his successor, when Mr. Meyer came to the Navy Department, was to annul the order—and this obviously by reason of the pressure of influences in the neighborhood of the yards marked for suspension.

Boys of To-day.

Says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

"We have never been of those finding the seeds of decay in the rising generation. We have remained optimistic in the belief that the boys of the present day are, at bottom, just what the boys of forty years ago were."

The real truth of the matter is, we suspect, boys are, in the average, better to-day than they ever were before. Grown-ups may not always incline willingly to admit as much unhesitatingly, but it probably is perfectly true, nevertheless.

By reason of different and constantly changing environment, the boys of one generation are not easily to be compared, point by point, with the boys of another. The earlier status of this republic—its unsettled sections, its conflicting races, its simplicity and its crudeness—developed more of the picturesque in individuals, perhaps. The boy who "walked ten miles to school every day," and who "studied his lessons by the light of a pine torch or a tallow dip," stands forth in our retrospective view of things compellingly engaging. His homespun shirt and log-cabin domicile challenge our deference and admiring attention. We must remember, however, that, after all, he merely adapted himself to conditions as he found them; just as our present-day youngsters would do right cheerfully if they found things the same way. Nowadays, it so happens that schoolhouses are much more accessible; pine torches and tallow dips have been superseded by lamps and electric lights; homespun cloth is known only to song and story; log-cabin domiciles are few and far between.

We do not believe that real manliness among boys ever was more generally prevalent than it is to-day. This is largely the outcome of a closer knowledge of and acquaintance with one another. Our public school systems, reaching far into the rural regions; our Y. M. C. A.'s, our baseball leagues, our intercollegiate and high school athletics—all of these have operated to broaden the youthful horizon and to give the youth himself a clearer insight into life in its more complex aspects and man's eternal and everlasting dependence on his fellow-man for happiness and content here below.

A good many fathers forget that they once were boys themselves; just as their fathers before them forgot the same thing, of course. That is an old story, to be sure; but boys themselves are an old story. A parent who finds himself growing pessimistic about his boys, charging their shortcomings and faults to an imaginary present down-grade tendency of things, needs to put on brakes and think it all over. The trouble may be with him more than with his boys; at least, some measure of blame may attach to the one no less than the other. Boys are thoughtless, and they have to be forgiven a good deal. But there are a lot of fine men at large in this country to-day, and all of them used to be boys, and some of them pretty "bad" boys, at that, we fancy.

Parents who fail to get a large amount of genuine satisfaction and pleasure from their children are cowardly when they fall back on the whine that "boys are not what they were in the good old days." Whatever the trouble may be, that is not it. Our civilization is a failure if our boys are not improving all the time. And we believe they are.

The Playgrounds—Keep Cool!

Congress treats Washington well, not to say generously. It deals with Washington, usually, as the great Capital of a glorious Republic should be dealt with. Its interest in Washington is growing year by year—its friendly, substantial interest. And Washington is quite appreciative of the fact.

Honest differences of opinion arise now and then, naturally. One has arisen as between the House and the community with reference to the playgrounds movement. It has led to some sharp words, to some unpleasant innuendoes, and to a costly waste of time. The Senate takes the view of the community—properly, we think. In the end all will come out right, no doubt. But, pending the adjustment, it is to be hoped that there will be no further outburst of feeling in any quarter. It is unbecoming. Let it be adjusted calmly, dispassionately. Nobody wants to see a deadlock over this item of $17,000.

The House is for the children. Of course, it is. It wants to see their lives made happy, just as we do. Its hand is not raised against them. No, indeed! It does not relish being put in an attitude of hostility toward the children—figuratively and pictorially—and we do not blame it. Perhaps there has been undue and overzealous activity in pushing a good cause. That sometimes happens. It is only natural.

But, since everybody has been heard, it is now time to recover equilibrium all around and proceed coolly and good-temperedly. That is the way to adjust these honest differences of opinion—the only way.

Shall Babies Be Abolished?

Of all the highbrow cult recently projecting themselves into the limelight, deliver us from this Prof. Gluck, who threatens the world with the abolition of babies.

Not that he predicts the disappearance of midgets of humanity from the face of the earth, to be sure—happily, the professor is not yet that far gone in his upper story—but that he does prophesy a time when all babies will be born into the world so fully developed mentally that they will be able immediately to talk, read, write, work out mathematical problems while we wait, and discuss politics.

We sigh for no such time! "On the contrary, quite the reverse," as Mr. Sam Weller—it was Sam, was it not?—was wont to say. We love babies—real, genuine babies. Their innocence, their helplessness, and their unlearned estate are their chief charms. We enjoy seeing them start at zero and progress along their way to knowledge step by step. The first time a baby sees a sunbeam dancing on the wall we encourage the thought that to his littleness that sunbeam is a fairy—and a particularly good fairy, moreover. And we are in no sort of hurry to have him get away from the idea too rapidly. If we give him a rose, and he cannot tell the rose from his own tiny toes—why, that is the kind of thing we most admire in babies.

Besides, so long as a baby has its mother to witness its surpassing brightness and promising future, what use has the youngster for an early conception of language, mathematics, and politics? Is not the mother able to translate her baby's persistent "goo" into anything and everything under the sun necessary to his happiness or the establishment of his intellectual superiority? Why worry the baby with the duty of explaining his general understanding of men and things around him, and especially when his maternal ancestor has that explaining business down patter than the pattest, anyway?

We are sorry we ever heard anything of this Gluck person and his astonishing theory. We hope we never shall hear of either again, and we believe we shall not. We object emphatically to the abolition of the good, old-fashioned babies—bless 'em, every one! We do not want them to come here too wise, and we do not want them to get wise one minute before they have to. They are not vouchsafed much time to be babies, at best, and we are stanch advocates of their being permitted to play that delightful string out to the very end.

Do not be unnecessarily alarmed. Every time you feel a disinclination to work creeping on these days, do not jump to the conclusion that you are being devoured by hookworms.

"I cheese j etaoin eatoln nnnu," remarks the Charlotte Chronicle. Must have been limburger.

A Virginia woman is reported to have put a burglar to flight by throwing eggs after him. No wonder the burglar skipped before a woman so vehemently desperate!

"Hats are to be bigger this spring than ever before," so a fashion authority says. Pretty soon there may not be room in this world for anything else except hats.

Perhaps Philadelphia would welcome the opportunity to get a good night's sleep, a daytime nap, or any other old thing by way of a reposeful period.

"One of the candidates for governor of Texas seems to be running on his qualifications in the use of a large number and variety of words," says the Chattanooga Times. Candidates of all sorts have been doing that very same thing since the year 1, however.

Whether the next House is Democratic or not, the Danville, Ill., district probably will return "Uncle Joe" to Congress. He is entitled to see the fun from the inside, no matter what happens otherwise.

"The Senate of the United States has passed the postal savings bank bill," says the Norfolk Landmark. Its best friend might pass it now and never recognize it, moreover.

No matter how hard the first robin tries, somehow the bock beer goat manages to "butt in" ahead every spring.

It has been demonstrated recently in Connecticut that a $12-per-week bank clerk has no business owning a 40-horsepower automobile.

More than one sedate and steady-going business man is indulging in Ty Cobb pipe dreams nowadays.

Some New Yorker must have made F. Hop Smith hopping mad.

Fruit trees are bursting into bloom all over Georgia. Good-by, old peach crop; take care o' yourself! See you next summer, sure!

"Senator Bailey is the most famous orator in the world," says the Birmingham Ledger. So the Virginia legislature seems not to think.

"Have you heard the call of the garden?" inquires the Knoxville Sentinel. Think so, sure. Sounded like "Hoe!"

Thank heaven, the comet scare cannot be used as an argument in favor of a lot of new battle ships and things!

It is said that the Black Hand has demanded "a fabulous sum" from Caruso. Why does not the great Caruso tender the Black Hand a song recital and call it square?

"Will the next House be Republican?" inquires the Chicago Inter Ocean. A query of that sort simply tickles Mr. "Champ" Clark almost to death.

An Illinois minister has quit his charge in order to become a baseball umpire. Evidently this is a ministerial "fan" who cannot bring himself to let bygones be bygones.

Hon. Zelaya probably will feel like tendering his congratulations to Mr. Knox's younger son.

Perhaps Mr. "Jack" Cudahy aspired to be known to local fans as the village cut-up.

The Platt revelations recently published do not tell anything new so much as they rattle a lot of old skeletons.

"Congressman Macon is from Georgia," says the San Antonio Express. We do not believe Congressman Macon suspects it, however.

"A writer of fiction describes his ascent of Mount McKinley," observes the New Orleans States. Poor old Cook! He will never hear the last of that, of course.

The little thing hovering on the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand. That is the peek-a-boo shirt waist.

"The stage career of a beautiful actress ends with her marriage," says a writer. For a season, perhaps.

New Jersey is threatening to chastise a few trusts. Slap them on their wrists, no doubt.

Mr. Taft could hardly make a braver start on his second year than the weather man is making.

"Man in New York was awarded $1,000 for the loss of a leg," says the Schenectady Union. This should warn all legpullers not to keep it up until the easy mark is separated entirely from the leg.

"Col. Roosevelt saw 1,000 natives in an African war dance," says the Savannah News. Still, that was not a marker to what the natives saw.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

The Present Outlook.

From the Cleveland Leader

All signs point to a long session of Congress or a lot of important work left unfinished.

Not So the Other.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Those home-comings—Teddy, Bryan, and Fairbanks—but we can manage two of them with a pink tea and a dollar-dinner.

Economy Is Good Government.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Mayor Gaynor's administration is saving New York City $8,000 a day. Economy is also the road to good government.

How Long May a Joke Exist?

From the Kansas City Star.

The Hon. Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, was a joke when he first reached Washington, but six years is entirely too long for one joke to last!

Agree with Secretary Wilson.

From the Detroit News.

"Some of the things Mr. Pinchot said here—a good many of them—are correct," says Secretary Wilson. That is what the people think—"a good many of them."

He Usually Has.

From the Dayton News.

A Congressman stated the other day that the government could afford to pay the right man a hundred thousand dollars a year for running the Post-office Department. But the right man already has a job.

Settling the Controversy.

From the Detroit News.

In order to settle that Congressional row, why doesn't Peary take a dozen of the more desirable Senators and Representatives up to the north pole, have them certify the fact, and then lose them on the way back?

Coincidental Anxiety.

From the Oklahoma City Oklahoman.

Republican leaders in New York are said to be greatly worried over the political outlook. The same can be truthfully said of the Republican leaders in Oklahoma. In fact, it may be truthfully said of the Republican leaders in every State in the glorious galaxy.

Democracy or Plutocracy?

From the Atlanta Georgian.

The use of money in elections has become an evil of such magnitude in this free government of the people that the time is rapidly approaching when men of means alone will be able to qualify as candidates for public office; and the principle seems to hold good whether applied to the humblest subaltern in local affairs or to the highest national legislator whose offices, according to constitutional provision, are supposed to be filled by an untrammeled expression of the popular will at the ballot box.

Very Shady.

From the Baltimore American.

"That man is in shady business."

"What is it?"

"He provides family trees."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE REAL HARBINGERS.

The jonquil
The jay
Are both at hand
To-day,
As harbingers they duly harb,
Each in its own peculiar garb.
But we refuse
To sing,
We can't enthuse
On spring
Until the sycamores are green.
And one or two straw hats are seen.

Sure Thing.

"Oh; they have their uses."

"What have?"

"These barefoot dances. Since they came in, lots of people are beginning to understand art."

The Mechanism.

"One critic claims that these spring poems are mechanical."

"It naturally follows that a spring poem would be mechanical," admitted the bard. "But they're easy to uncoil."

Instructions to Wifey.

"So I have got to meet you in a department store, have I?"

"Yes, hubby."

"In that case, would you mind wearing your hat tilted back a little for means of identification?"

A Safe Diagnosis.

I cannot see; my head is hot,
My poor eyes drip.
I reckon I have probably got
The pesky grip.

Nearly a Sale.

"The editor must have thought this story was pretty good."

"Why?"

"He declines it with regrets instead of the usual thanks."

Just So.

"My wife wants $60 for a spring hat. I wish they grew on trees."

"I don't. Think of the prices we'd be up against when the crop was a failure."

For Settlement.

"That fellow seems to take himself very seriously."

"Yes; he thinks his personal squabbles are weighty enough to be referred to The Hague."

GOOD ROADS TELL STORY.

France Spends $18,000,000 a Year Repairing Its Thoroughfares.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The existence or nonexistence of roads determines the question of whether a country is occupied by a civilized people or by savages. Similarly the degree of the enlightenment of a country or section of a country might be ascertained by passing over it in a balloon and studying with glasses the extent and character of its system of roads. To its roads builders no less than to its warriors, were due the growth and greatness of the Roman empire. Not the least of the surviving monuments that attest the genius of the Romans is the Appian Way, which was begun by Caesar Appius Claudius more than two thousand years ago.

It is the boast of Great Britain that her roads prove the quality of her civilization, and that the highways she has constructed in her African and Asian possessions prove the beneficence of her rule. France, which is famous for the thrift of its working classes, probably leads the world to-day in the completeness of her system of roads and their quality. With an area only about five times as great as that of Kentucky, France has spent $600,000,000 in the construction of public roads, and spends annually 3 per cent of the cost of construction—$18,000,000—keeping them in repair.

The Passing of the Old Bachelor.

Robert G. Welsh, in the Atlantic.

The typical old bachelor—crusty, irritable, solitary—seems to be passing away, if indeed he is not already extinct. Nowadays there is every encouragement for bachelordom, until it has developed from a single state to a united kingdom with royal palaces in all great cities.

There was a time when the typical bachelor was pictured seated alone in a sadly neglected room, pushing a reluctant needle through unyielding cloth, as he strove awkwardly to sew a button on his coat, using the side wall of his room for a thimble. This is all done away with now, when the Universal Valet Company, Unlimited, sends its motor to the door of the bachelor apartments, and carries away the garments of Bachelor, returning them at nightfall, every button reenforced, every spot and stain effaced.

And in what careless comfort does Bachelor live! Unhampered by feminine niceties, he sets down his pipe where he will, and swings about his room in easy half dress, shouting the "Stein Song" at the top of his voice without let or hindrance.

The Dramatic Unities.

Brander Matthews, in the Atlantic.

The cleanest and most succinct declaration of the dramatic unities was made by Boileau when he laid down the law that a tragedy must show "one action in one day and in one place." It must deal with only a single story; and this obligation is the unity of action. It must never change the scene, massing all its episodes in a single spot; and this is the unity of place. And it must compact successive situations into the space of twenty-four hours, into a single day; and this is the unity of time.

When a tragedy presents a simple and straightforward story without change of scenery, and without any longer lapse of time than a single revolution of the sun, then, and then only, are the three unities "preserved," as Boileau understood them.

Breakfast Eggs Forty Years Old.

From the London Daily Mail.

Forming part of the breakfast menu of the members of the council of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland at Dublin on Saturday were some eggs brought by Sir Charles Ban from China which were laid forty years ago.

Few members of the council could be persuaded to taste the unknown delicacies, but those who did declared that they were excellent, once the idea of an ordinary Irish egg could be eliminated from the mind.

The egg had become a sort of jelly of a delicate flavor.

Bitter Cold.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"So she treated you coldly?"

"Coldly? Say, I'd have had to have a sextant and an artificial horizon to be able to find out what latitude I was in if I had been there for that purpose."

In a Hurry.

From the Birmingham Age-Herald.

"He claims he was driven to drink."

"Far from it. He hired a taxicab to take him there and the chauffeur was fined for speeding."

CAPITOL GOSSIP

Senator Purcell, the new Senator from North Dakota, is not yet familiar with the ways of the Senate and the many little courtesies that are required by Senators.

He has, however, taken an active part in the business of the body and doesn't hesitate to enter a debate. The colloquy between him and Senator Heyburn during the consideration of the agricultural bill was amusing and an evidence that the big man from the Northwest could take care of himself, even against an old-timer. He is a ready speaker.

Senator Purcell moved over to the Republican side during the debate and fired questions at Senator Heyburn with frequency and persistency. He did not take time to arise and ask the presiding officer for permission, but quizzed the Idahoan from his seat. After a time Senator Gallinger, who was in the chair, requested Senator Purcell to address the chair when he desired to make remarks. The new Senator graciously apologized.

* * * *

The baseball bug is running wild among the employes of the Senate side of the Capitol. Billy Burns, of the Senate document room, has organized a team and is soliciting contributions for its maintenance and support.

Every employe, from Secretary Bennett down, has contributed and the prospects are bright for a good team, and one that will be nattily uniformed. Many ex-college stars are recognized on the list of eligibles, and the manager is in earnest, when he says he will be ready to challenge any of the crack amateur teams in Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria, and Anacostia at the opening of the baseball season.

* * * *

It is the subject of much gossip around the Capitol as to when Mr. Grandfield will qualify as postmaster of the District, and his successor as First Assistant Postmaster General be named. Mr. Grandfield is still serving Postmaster General Hitchcock as his first assistant, though the salary is smaller than that of the office to which he has been appointed and confirmed. It is said he will remain where he is until the post-office appropriation bill has passed both houses of Congress, owing to his familiarity with the provisions of the measure and his intimate knowledge of the wants of the Post-office Department.

* * * *

The John C. Calhoun statue will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies Saturday, March 12. The exercises will take place in Statuary Hall recently called the "Hall of Horrors," and Senators Lodge, Money, and Smith, of South Carolina will make addresses. The resolution to set aside March 12 as the day for the reception and acceptance of the statue was made in the Senate by Senator Tillman, and it was the intention of the Senator to make the principal address. Owing to his continued illness, Senator Tillman will be unable to take part in the ceremonies.

* * * *

A bill to erect a monument over the grave of Brigadier General James Shields in St. Mary's Cemetery, Carrollton, Mo., has passed both houses of Congress. The life of Gen. Shields shows a brilliant, remarkable, and unusual career. He was a veteran of two wars, the Mexican war and the civil war.

He was a member of the house of representatives of Illinois, auditor of the State, justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and Commissioner of the United States General Land Office. In addition to these he had the unequaled distinction of being a United States Senator at three different times and representing each time a different State—the States of Illinois, Minnesota, and Missouri. Gen. Shields died at Ottumwa, Iowa, in 1879, and his grave is unmarked.

* * * *

Speaker Cannon has been called on more this season than ever before to rule on points of order, but your "Uncle Joseph," with the assistance of the redoubtable Asher Hinds, always makes the ruling to the apparent satisfaction of the House.

* * * *

The House of Representatives was a veritable playground while the playgrounds provision of the District appropriation conference report was up for consideration.

Everybody was shooting his little marble at Representative Tawney and jumping the rope around the chamber. All the players wanted to play at the same time, but the star performers were Representatives Parsons, Longworth, Mann, Fitzgerald, Gaines, Keifer, and the boss player at all, "Uncle Joe."

Usefulness of Pollywogs.

A writer saw some pollywogs
Within a little lake,
And instantly perceived what good
Apostrophes they'd make.

—Buffalo Express.

GEMS FROM YOUNG PEOPLE.

Present System of Teaching History Appears Inadequate.

W. H. O., in the New York Sun.

From a pile of public school examination papers submitted to me at the home of a teacher a few evenings ago, I take at random the following examples of the result of the methods of instruction in vogue in the city schools.

In one paper I found among the assigned causes of the American revolution the following: "The writs of assistance" and "The Navitanson Act." One paper describes the "writ of assiatance" in this language: "A writ paper was pass by the English Parriiment that no body was aloud to smother goods." One speaks of the "writs of pesistance," another of the "Boston Flea Pantry," another of the "Decaration of Indipeneds." One girl informs us that "the writs of assistance means the cause made from England to stealing and smuggling goods," while another describes the writs as follows: "The writs of assistance the British wanted to capture the Amermacone."

One pupil speaks of "smomogled" (smuggled) goods. Another, enumerating the causes of the Revolutionary war, says "Paul Rever is a light steeple church to start about." Another says the causes of war were "the Stamp Oct, the Invigtagion Oct, Boston the risstance of the List, the Batle Port Bill." One girl gravely informs us that "The Britch starten from Lexington to destroy some mifirty stores a young Americ name Paul Revere saw it singled whez the Brish were going to start Battle of Bunk a Hill."

Asked what five statesman were prominent in the Revolution, one pupil replies: "Abram Lilcol and Goriga Waskington." Another says: The five statesmen are the report for smuggling now so many unlawfully laws are made the every not allowed to get cotton rice tobacco from many country but British officers."

One girl tells us that "the French losted all their land in the new world and made a treat with Paris." The same girl says: "The minute men were men that was always conceiling money from the neighboring town." A classmate says of writs of assistance: "Trade and exporal apprive lows and great did of eniggine was give," whatever that may mean.

One of the best things I came across was "the patriots built earthquakes around Boston," and another good one was the inclusion of "Oklohoma" in the list of the thirteen original colonies.

The children from whose papers the above extracts are taken, form a single class in one of the Brooklyn schools. The pupils range in age from ten to fourteen years, and judging from the names they bear many are of foreign parentage. The citations serve to illustrate the absurdity of attempting to instruct very young children in history. History is not an elementary, but an advanced study. It requires a matured mind of well developed powers and advanced in cultivation to comprehend the meaning and force of historical incident.

Young children should be taught only those salient features of the world's story that can be expressed in simple words of everyday use. No technical words, no legal phrases should be employed unless capable of being understood by the simplest intelligence, and then only after full explanation of their meaning. These young minds should not be confused by matters far and away beyond their conception. Many of these children are not even grounded in the rudiments of the language they essay to speak. Yet they are asked not only to memorize words of whose significance they can have no intelligent conception, but to describe political or governmental measures before they can have learned what politics and government mean. You might as well ask them to explain the reductio ad absurdum or esoteric Buddhism, as for instance, to ask them to explain the theory of taxation without representation. It is wrong to make of their little minds mere lumber rooms crammed with meaningless words.

Momentary Lapse of Memory.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Gentlemen," said the toastmaster, rising again to his feet, "we have with us this evening a—an eminent gentleman whom, I am sure, you will be glad to hear; a distinguished exemplar of—of, in short, of his well-known line of human endeavor; one whose name is a household word all over this broad land of ours; one who will both instruct and entertain you. I have the pleasure of introducing——"

Here he stopped to take a drink of ice water.

"I have the pleasure, gentlemen, of introducing——"

At this point he was seized with a fit of coughing.

"Of introducing, gentlemen——"

Here he took another large swallow of ice water.

"The pleasure, gentlemen, as well as the honor, of introducing—er—the Hon. Bxzfiiffcmfwyposhrdluaa Wmawaulouoff, who will now address you."

AT THE HOTELS.

The impression I gathered from an extensive tour of this country so far, and particularly the West, is that President Taft will not succeed himself in the White House," said M. Charles Oster, political editor of L'Eclair, a prominent Paris daily, who was seen at the New Willard last night. M. Oster is a close student of American politics, and during the last Presidential campaign, he followed both the Republican and Democratic candidates on their speechmaking tours throughout the country. M. Oster is in close touch with leaders of both parties.

"Some few weeks ago I sent a story to my paper, L'Eclair, in Paris, to the effect that the next President of the United States would either be Mr. Roosevelt or Gov. Harmon, of Ohio. There is one thing which seems certain, and that is, unless an absolute change of sentiment toward the present national administration takes place before the next national convention takes place, Mr. Taft will not be placed at the head of the Republican ticket. It will be Mr. Roosevelt, unless I am greatly mistaken. If Taft is nominated it is almost a foregone conclusion that the Republican party will go down to defeat. He cannot beat Harmon and the New York man who will be placed on the ticket as his running mate. The present administration is not at all popular out West. But, it seems rather presumptuous to attempt even to make prophecies at this time what may happen in three years from now. There may be changes which may turn political sentiment topsy-turvy."

"Roosevelt will receive a great reception when he visits Paris, where he will deliver a lecture at the Sorbonne.

"It is very difficult to say at this time how the tariff negotiations between France and the United States will end. France, whatever may happen, will not be a great loser, even if she does not give in to the demands of the United States. All that France gets from the United States is victuals and food stuffs; at least, that is the biggest part of our imports from the United States. We don't have to obtain our food stuffs from the United States; we can raise them ourselves."

Discussing politics in Ohio, Henry F. Ferry, of Cleveland, who was seen at the Arlington last night, said that not only would the Democrats elect the next governor of Ohio, but that the Ohio delegation to Congress would change its political complexion.

"It'll be either Gov. Harmon or Gov. Wicks," said Mr. Ferry. "You ask, who is Mr. Wicks? Well, I tell you. Mr. Wicks has been dead since the civil war was ended. Most of the Ohio Representatives in Congress are going back to their constituencies to ask them to be returned to Congress. Every one of them knows in his heart that he has a big fight in front of him, and every one realizes that the Republican party does not stand in the highest public favor in Ohio.

"The presence of Wade Ellis, or, rather, his injection in Ohio politics, has complicated the political situation there and confused everybody. His appearance on the scene was not much relished, anyway, by the regular, stalwart Republicans of the Buckeye State, who see in Ellis a plain Democrat, who only joined the Republican party a few years ago. They are glad of President Taft's disavowal of having sent him to Ohio to manage matters."

Zachary W. Perkins, of Boston, Mass., who is at the Raleigh, said last night that Washington will be the most beautiful city of the world within twenty years if improvements are carried on and continued at the present rate.

"I have visited Washington for the last thirty-five years," said Mr. Perkins, "and I can distinctly see how, step by step, the former great village, with its poor streets and sidewalks, has emerged into a well-paved and well-streeted community.

"Attention has been given not only to the streets, but also to parks, buildings, and other public necessities. Monuments have been erected and public and private buildings of great artistic merit. So far as municipal art is concerned, Washington is making greater headway than any other city in the world. There is no city anywhere which erects as many monuments every year as the Capital of the United States, and it is right that it should be so; we, as a nation, have neglected the ideals of life too long. Our government is established on a firm basis; we are a wealthy nation, and there is work for everybody; we are at peace with the world, loved and respected by all. We have passed the rough stages of our national existence, and are now entering upon the period of idealism.

"Monuments are springing up everywhere in Washington. The heroes of the Revolutionary war are immortalized in stone and bronze by a grateful people. There are foremost of all our own American Revolutionary heroes, then the French, the Polish, the Scotch, the German, and others. But what has become of our Irish Revolutionary heroes? What has become of Commodore Barry's statue, that great Irish patriot, who resigned, a fine Philadelphia merchant, to take command of the first American man-of-war? It was Barry who captured the first English ship. Why is he not honored? Why are the Irish people of this country neglected? They certainly deserve recognition from every point of view. I understand they have been invited by the powers that be here in Washington to select a model for Barry's statue, which, however, for some unexplained reason was rejected to make place for the model of a Paris artist, who insulted the whole Irish nation by his conception of Barry and the Irish people. Why antagonize the Irish citizens when they are entitled to select their model, the same as the Polish selected their own model for Pulaski and Kosciusko, the French for Rochambeau, and the Germans for von Steuben.

"It happened on a Pullman car between New York and Chicago," said Peter G. Joyce, of Chicago, at the Riggs House last night, recounting this little story:

"Dinner having been finished, the gentlemen assembled in the smoking-room to enjoy their cigars. 'During the time I was in the war,' said the quiet man, 'I saw a very wonderful thing in the line of surgical operations. A friend of mine was shot through the right breast, the bullet passing clear through him. The presence of mind of his companion undoubtedly saved his life. He wrapped his handkerchief around the ramrod of his gun, and, pushing it through the path made by the bullet, cleared the wound of all poisonous lead. I know it is hard to believe, but, gentlemen, the man still lives to tell the tale.'

"'Which man?' inquired the slim passenger on the other seat, quietly.

"'The wounded one, of course,' exclaimed the old soldier, scornfully.

"'Oh, I beg pardon; I thought it might be the other.'"

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

FIRST BOOK FOR THE BLIND—March 10.

The great facilities that the unfortunate blind have to-day for the acquiring of knowledge, makes the date of the issuing of the first book for their use of much historical interest. To a Scotchman is due the credit of having invented a system of printing raised letters, which afford them the opportunity, through their dexterity, of perusing the Scriptures as well as a great many of the classics.

It was on March 10, 1827, that James Galt issued his first took in Edinburgh. Previous to his effort, in 1785, Hany had experimented with such printing, but he used the Illyrian or Slavonic alphabet, and it was found unsatisfactory, not only because it was expensive, but it required only 365 letters to cover fifty square inches of surface.

Mr. Galt's system was found entirely practicable and in 1834 he published the Gospel of St. John, the first book of the Scriptures ever printed for the blind. Four years later he printed for the British and Foreign Bible Society the Gospel of St. Luke and the Acts of the Apostles. He used a modified Roman letter, choosing the lower-case alphabet in preference to capitals.

Credit is due to Dr. Howe, the husband of Julia Ward Howe, for having made practical the system, and while he was in charge of the Perkins Institution, Boston, in 1836, the entire New Testament was printed. By Dr. Howe's established method 702 letters are printed in fifty square inches of surface. He finished his task of issuing the entire Bible in 1853.

Mr. Lucas, of the Bristol Institution, and later Mr. Frere, of London, devised a system of printing for the blind, using stenographic characters. The arbitrary point character was invented by Charles Barbier, a Frenchman, and arranged in its present form by Louis Braille, a blind professor at the Institution Nationale of Paris. It consists of six dots. One or more of these are placed in various positions, making sixty-two varieties of form. One great advantage of this character is that it can be used by the blind for writing to others in their condition. There have been a number of other systems invented from time to time.

The principal printing establishments in the United States for the blind are the American Printing House, at Louisville, Ky., and the Howe Memorial Press, at the Perkins Institution, Boston. The first circulating library for the blind in the United States was established at the Perkins Institution, in 1882, although books had been lent to the blind free of charge before this time. Philadelphia and New York also have libraries of this sort, and departments for the blind have been instituted in the State Library of New York, at Albany, and in several of the principal cities of New England.

On March 10, 1785, Thomas Jefferson was commissioned first Minister to France. It is the birthday of Admiral William D. Porter (1809); Nathan K. Hall, Postmaster General under President Fillmore (1810); the day on which King Edward VII was married in 1863; on which the Emperor Heligabulus was beheaded A. D. 222, and Benjamin West, the noted painter, died, in 1820.